VOL. LIX .- NO. 156.

MURDER, THE FIRST DEGREE.

THE JURY DECIDES THAT CARLYLE HARRIS POISONED HIS TOUNG WIFE.

He Receives the Verdiet Impassively and Comforts His Mother, Who Breaks Out Into Impreentions Upon the Jury-The Only Decision Possible, the Recorder Says-Dr. Fowler's Testimony to Be the Defence's Ground for a New Trial.

Guilty of murder in the first degree" was the verdiet brought in last night against Carivie W. Harris, who has been on trial in the General Sessions, charged with poisoning Helen Potts, his wife. The jurymen were out

or an hour and twenty minutes.

When the Recorder had charged the jury and they had left the room, Harris arose and sountered to the back of the room. No man seemed more at ease than he. He chatted with his friends and his lawyers, and but for his palor there was nothing to indicate the position he stood in. His mother, pale and trembling, could with difficulty keep her grief within bounds. Her younger son was constantly at her side. Frequently Carlyle Harris walked over to her and spoke to her with a smile. There were more than twenty women in the room and they discussed the features of the

trial uninterruptedly.

At 10% o'clock there was a scraping noise in the cerridor, and the next instant a crowd be gan to rush into the court room and scramble for seats. The jury was coming. The prisoner began to tremble, but he controlled his emo-tion, so that it was almost imperceptible. He sank into his seat beside his mother, who was weeping softly.

One by one the jurors passed into the room and the prisoner, turning in his seat, gazed anxiously at each face. The impassive gravity of every countenance affected him. His clutch upon the railing before him tightened, and he

centinued to gaze upon the jurors.

The Recorder entered and a solemn hush fell over the room. With his quick, business-like voice the clerk called the roll. The jury and the prisoner arose. Harris's lips were tightly compressed, his face was pale, his figure rigid, as if he were proparing to receive a blow. His restless eyes passed from one

face to another.
"Guilty of murder in the first degree," said the foreman in reply to the clerk's question. There was a piercing scream, and Mrs.

Harris fell into her younger son's arms. "Oh, my God!" she cried.

The prisoner looked blankly at the jury for an instant and thrust his hands into his pockets. Then he turned around, calm and impassive, and whispered to his mother. Don't cry," he said. "Don't take on so

about it. I'll have another trial, and it will all Then he waiked off, apparently the coolest person in the room. The Recorder turned to

the jury and said: Gentlemen, you are discharged with the thanks of the Court for the patient and intelligent manner in which you have discharged the solenn duty imposed upon you by the law. My present impression is that no other verdict than the one that has been rendered upon the evidence could have been rendered. You are discharged."

Mrs. Harris had been lying on two chairs. upon which her younger son had placed her. Suddenly she raised herself, turned toward the empty jury box, and cried out:

"My curse upon-"
Her son placed his hand over her mouth and tried to quiet her. But she broke from him and sobbed aloue.

"How could they do it! There is a God. I

know it. I know it. Why does He let them do

The women in the room crowded around her with sympathetic faces. Meanwhile the prisoner was being handcuffed to Deputy Sheriff Barke. Harris was smoking a cigar, and he helped the officer adjust the steel to his wrist. Hearing Lawyer Jerome's voice behind him, he turned and asked:

"Say, Jerome, until when am I remanded?"
The lawyer told him that the court had adjusted until Friday. A court officer put a paper into the deputy sheriff's hands, and he wilked off with his prisoner to the Tombs.

The lawyer told him that the court land adjourned until Friday. A court officer put a parser into the deputy sheriff's hands, and he walked off with his prisoner to the Tombs.

Mrs. Harris struggled to her feet and walked immediately from the room with her son, Mc-Crosdy Harris.

"God will punish those men for their verdict," she cried, raising a clenched hand above her head. "God will punish them."

"Don't let them think that you have lost your mind, "said one of her friends.

"I don't care," she said. "If this drives me issane it will be their fault. They will be responsible for it." Mrs. Harris went to the house of her father. Dr. McCready.

"There is very little to say," said Mr. Jorome, as he gathered up his law books. "On Monday we will argue for a new trial and, if that is refused, we will go at once to the Court of Appeals. We have the opinion of the best lawyers that the evidence of Pr. Fowler should not have been admitted, as it clearly comes under the statute which prevents a physician from testifying concerning a patient whom he is attending in his professional capacity."

The jury illed slowly out of the court room, and in front of the brown-stone building parted company with a handshaking all around. All refused to say how the vote had gone.

It is understood that three ballots were taken, and one report has it that on the first two the intry stood eleven to one for conviction, the one who stood for acquittal being Crawford Maron. Juror No, 11.

At least a half hour before the time for opening in the morning every sent in the court room had been occupied, and men were standing in the morning every sent in the court of funities with the owners and along the outer rail. The crowds in the corners and along the outer rail. The crowds in the corners and along the outer rail. The crowds in the corners and along the outer rail. The crowds in the corners and along the outer rail. The crowds in the corners and house they were alwayers of funitiess whiting. It was such a struggle on his sing hot the cory fo

District Attacher's edice.

The defence rests, said Mr. Jerome. His assectate, John A. Taylor, arose to make a last assectate, John A. Taylor, arose to make a last appeal to the jury for the prisoner. The eyes of everyone in the court room were on him as he made his way to the rail in front of the jury lox and laid down on the table the notes which were to form the cues for his closing speech. Mr. Taylor began slowly and methodically, but as he warmed up his elequence increased, and he was using both his arms in lively gestures, while the words camp rapidly and foreibly from his lips.

THE CAUSE OF DEATH.

"Let us consider the material allegations on which this alleged crime is founded. One of them is that thelen Potts died of morphino is assuring. That is the gate of the fample. If there is the trace of the fample, and if it does not open to your intelligences there is no troof that crime exists. In the maxt passes, you must be satisfied that this manner of the property of the control of

reasonable doubt as given by Recorder Smyth. He next attacked the reliability of the prosecu-

He next attacked the reliability of the prosecution's evidence.

"Old Mr. McIntyre, the druggist," he said, "swore with the greatest confidence that he had never had a single mistake in his store, and yet he was confronted with a case where within a short time he had paid out \$1,000 under the pressure of a suit. You are to consider this testimony in the light of common human frailty. The District Attorney told you that this young man had been two years an actor, but there was brought out not a solitary word of evidence that he was an actor. He also told you that the defendant had been a book agent, but there has not been the slightest proof of this offered.

"We come now to the first allegation that Heien Potts died of morphine poisoning. Upon this point the scientific men are totally at variance. Dr. Fowler merely states it as his opinion that the girl field of morphine poisoning. He does not swear to it as a scientific fact. You cannot shut your ears to the testimony



NR. TAYLOR.

of the experts for the defence. You must give impressive weight to the testimony of Prof. Wood, who directly/contradicts many of the statements of the prosecution's experts on the question of the cause of death."

Mr. Taylor read much of the evidence given in behalf of the prisoner, which was directly opposed to that of the people and commented upon it at length. He then came to the second allegation of the prosecution, that Carlyle W. Harris had administered sufficient morphine to cause his wife's death. The execution which he was putting into his speech was beginning to tell on Mr. Taylor. He had spoken for two hours when he asked the Recorder to take a recess a little earlier than usual. Recorder Smyth granted the request and ordered a forty-five-minute recess.

THE MOTIVE FOR THE CRIME. THE MOTIVE POR THE CRIME.

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The MOTIVE FOR THE CRIME.

Taking up the second allegation when the court had reconvened, Mr. Taylor contended that there was an entire absence even of suspicious circumstances pointing to Carlyle Harris as the criminal.

"It is quite common." said Mr. Taylor, "for the defence to be accused of imagining ingenious situations, but in this case that position has been taken by the prosecution. They say that Harris carefully unloaded one of those pills obtained at the druggist's and inserted five grains of morphine, which proved to be fatal. This is only a proposition submitted to you. There is not a particle of proof of such a thing. We conceded that morphine could be obtained anywhere in the city without the slightest difficulty. It has been shown to you that the contents of the capsules could be reasily changed. It is conceded that all these things are within the bounds of possibility, but that does not prove them to be facts. If Harris was the shrewd and cunning man that Mr. Wellman pictured him, he would never have saved those two capsules. The preservation of the capsule protected, the druggist and not this young man who stands at the bar.

"To show that a motive to kill his wife existed in this young man's brain you have been compelled to listen to testimony as to his moral turpitude. If you are to say that because he is a bad man and a worthless wretch he should be convicted I am wasting my time. But I believe you will sweep from your recollection this tide of filth and come to a decision without prejudice. Let me call your attention to one man who has spoken against the prisoner. I mean Dr Treverton of Scranton."

Mr. Taylor read the blackmailing letter which Dr. Treverton had sent W. Carlyle Harris while Miss Fotts was lying ill at the physician's home in Scranton.

"If Carl Harris poisoned his wife he must be a desirable with the same and to postponed until fifty-five days after the girls d

dependence could be placed on many of the tests.

"Don't. I beg of you," said Mr. Taylor, in concluding, "fail back upon the flimsy hypothesis that because a man is a bad man that he is necessarily a murderer. Don't allow your mind to be warped by such evidence or give it consideration unless you believe that it leads up to an actual motive. Yesterday afternoon as Mrs. Harris was leaving the court she threw her arms around the neck of her boy and said she felt sure that she would have him with her to-night. I pray that you will give the boy back to his mother's arms, and that you will do it to-night."

Mrs. Harris, with her head down on her son's shoulder, was sobbing. Mr. Taylor went back to his seat and pressed his handkerchief over his face.

THE PROSECUTOR'S SUMMING UP.

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Mr. Wellman was on his feet in a moment and began to close for the prosecution. He began by likening Harris to an octopus, and characterized the defence as the cloud of ink which the octopus casts about itself when endeavoring to escape from its pursuers. Mr. Wellman quoted liberally from the testimony of his experts, which, he said, made it clear to his mind that Helen Potts could have died of nothing but morphine poisoning.



to his mind that Helen Potts could have died of nothing but morphine poisoning.

"The dose of morphine," he continued, was so large that traces of it remained after fifty-five days, and if she took twenty-seven times as much quinine, why did that not appear? Why did Harris save the capsules? He was the druggist to be protected. He thought that the capsule he had saved would bring him through all right. Mr. Taylor declares that there was no motive. I claim we can show the strongest possible motive. What would be no motive to you would be a great motive to a bad man. Harris was a self-confessed libertine, and he never intended to recognize Helen Potts as his wife.

"This man chose morphine for his purpose because it was a safe poison and brought on an casy death. The very day that Harris had promised Mrs. Potts to have a public marriage he went into the apothecary's shop and obtained the prescription. Why did he prescribe for Miss Potts when he went to a physician for his own allments? And why did he write 'student' on this one prescription, something that he had never done before?"

THE UNACENOWLEDGED MARHAGE.

Mr. Wellman referred to Harris's fear when Mrs. Potts asked him to acknowledge the

speech Mr. Taylor began slowly and mothodiscally, but as he warmed up his cloquence increased, and he warmed his passed while the words camp rapidly and foreibly from his lips.

BY THE PINSONER'S DEFENCE.

Mr. Vellman referred to Harris's fear when Mrs. Notes asked him to acknowledge the marriage after her daughter's death, and said that something that he had never done which this young man, the court room was profound. Tand gentlemon of the intry of this commonwealth her good to death of this commonwealth her good to death of this commonwealth because, if out of the chase of contradictory evidence, a verifie to the chase of contradictory evidence, a verifie to the following of the contradictory evidence, a verifie that has crawled on the face of the carth or clock to the face of the carth or clock he had been speaking with remarkable vigor, based for a few moments' rest. The jurymen stood of the face of the carth or clock he had been speaking with remarkable vigor, based for a few moments' rest. The jurymen stood of the carth or clock he had been speaking with remarkable vigor, based for a few moments' rest. The jurymen stood of the carth or clock he had been speaking with remarkable vigor, based for a few moments' rest. The jurymen stood of the carth or clock he had been speaking with remarkable vigor, based for a few moments' rest. The jurymen stood of the profession of the carth or clock had been speaking with remarkable vigor, based for a few moments' rest. The jurymen stood of the profession of the carth or clock had been speaking with remarkable vigor, based for a few moments' rest. The jurymen stood of the profession of the carth or clock had been speaking with steep to the

bench with the Recorder was Henry A. Cram, with whom in years gone by the Recorder had many a legal tilt.

THE CHARACTER OF THE ACCUSED.

THE CHARACTER OF THE ACCUSED.

The court room became silent again as Mr. Wellman arose to finish.

Mr. Taylor has said that the prosecution has brought in a tide of filth and shame. I ask out of whose mouth but that of the prisoner did it come? His words have simply been repeated. If all this time he has retained his self-respect, I ask you what man in the court room has retained his respect for Harris?

It was to 'clock as Mr. Wellman finished and sat down exhausted. Recorder Smyth then gave the jury an hour to get dinner, and said he would take the risk of sending them to the Astor House.

HARIBS IMPATIENT FOR THE VERDICT.

Carlyle Harris and his mother were appar-

HABRIS IMPATIENT FOR THE VERDICT.

Carlyle Harris and his mother were apparently the most disinterested people in the court room during the recess. They chatted with half a dozen acquaintances who gathered around them, and Harris expressed himself as so confident of the result that he was impatient for the verdict. There were few vacant-chairs during the recess, and at 7 o'clock, the time which the Recorder had set for opening the court, the crowd that had been lounging in the half pushed in and filled the court room. Hecorder Smyth was more than half an hour late, and it was 7:40 o'clock when he began his charge to the jury, For nearly two hours while he was speaking there was no sound save his voice in the court room. The doors had been closed and no one was admitted. Carlyle Harris and his mother sat beside his lawyers. Harris leaned his head on his hand and listened to the charge without changing his posture. Hecorder Smyth spoke slowly and paused a moment after every sentence as it calculating the effect of his words on the jury.

posture. Recorder Smyth spoke slowly and paused a moment after every sentence as if calculating the effect of his words on the jury.

"It is with a profound sense of the responsibility," he said. "which under the law devolves upon me that I propose to lay down for your guidance such rules of law as are, in my judgment, necessary to enable you to reach a proper verdict. This case, to a certain extent, differs from most cases recently tried in this State. The verdict should be based on the evidence, without the jury's permitting themselves to be influenced by outside matters. You must not let your sympathies overcome your judgment."

Recorder Smyth explained the definitions of the degrees of murder and manslaughter, and said there were three questions to be determined in reaching a verdict. Is Helen Potts dead? This was admitted by the defence. With what intent and by whom was this morphine administered? Recorder Smyth called attention to the fact that the expert witnesses who had testified that Helen Potts's death had been caused by morphine poisoning had either seen her after she had taken the alleged morphine pill and just before her death, or they had assisted at the autopsy and at the chemical analysis of parts of the body. On the other hand, the expert witnesses for the defence had no such opportunities to form a judgment.

"The experts for the people," continued the Recorder, "are of the opinion that death was probably caused by morphine poisoning. This is contested by the defendant. None of the witnesses, however, who was examined on the part of the defendant, testifies as to what was the cause of death.

"Assuming that you find death was caused by morphine poisoning, the next question to determine is who administered the poison."

The lecorder dwelt upon the nature of circumstantial evidence, and gave his definition of reasonable doubt. Then he gave the case to the jury.

Mr. Taylor arose and asked the Recorder if the intended to take any notice of the requests to charge, and the Recorder replied that he

said:
"I wish to take exception to the entire "I wish to take exception to the entire charge, your Honor."
"Certainly. Mr. Jerome, and is that all?" replied the Recorder. It was, and at 0:25 o'clock the jury was sent out. As they left the room Harris was led back to the prisoners' box. His mother followed him and threw herself, weeping hysterically, into his arms. Her self-possession gave way completely when she was no longer facing the jury, and it was several minutes before Harris could quiet her.

THEY GOT THE CARRIAGES.

Trouble They Could.

cently against James H. and William S. Romain, keepers of the Harlem Club Stables at 156 West 127th street. On Monday Deputy Sheriff F. J. Wolgering called at the stable to see if two broughams and a landay, which he wished to replevin, were there As he disappeared around the corner Romain's

men ran the carriage down into the basement. Wolgering returned with three men about noon and prepared to hoist the carriages out of the cellar on the elevator. James Romain smilingly told him that he could remove them at his pleasure, but that he must not use the elevator, because that had been rented to another men

elevator, because that had been rented to another man.

The deputy sheriff insisted, and Romain turned off the gas from the gas engine which runs the elevator. Wolgering turned the gas on again, and Romain took off a section of the engine. The deputy sheriff went to the West 125th street station, and Policeman Lavender was sent to the stable to protect the Sheriff and his men. Roundsman Cogrove went with him.

The Sheriff's men tried to use the elevator again, and Romain tied knots in the rope. Two more policemen dropped in, and the deputy sheriff seized Romain and ordered them to arrest him. "We are here only to protect you, not to help you seize the goods," said the police. After more fruitless efforts Wolgering sent for more help.

He secured men enough to surround the elevator and then used it to hoist the carriages to the walk. They hauled up the elevator by the ropes, the gas engine having been effectually disabled, and got through their work at 60 clock.

On a Woman Found Stupld with a Narcotte

Just Of Fifth Avenue.

Policeman Ronk noticed a young woman of 25 leaning against a railing in Thirty-second street, near Fifth avenue, at 10 o'clock last night. Her head had fallen forward on her chest. He asked her if she was sick, and as he was unable to understand reply he helped her to the Thirtieth street station. Sergeant Cooper discovered that she had on two diamond rings, a pearl necklace, and diamond earrings. She wore a black brocaded silk gown under a sealskin sacque. She had bright black eyes and black hair.

All they could get out of her was that she wanted to go to sleep. There were evidences of morphine poisoning, and the policeman walked her up and down until a New York Hospital ambulance arrived. The surgeon asked her name. She said:

"I would rather die than reveal it."

The only clue to her identity was the gold head of her umbrella, which was marked "L. E. C." At the hospital they said that whatever narcotic she had taken a heavy dose, and that it would be morning before they could expect to get her to answer any questions. reply he helped her to the Thirtieth street sta-

MR. FOLSOM'S SUICIDE.

He Is Maid to Have Been a Relative of Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

IBONTON, O., Feb. 2.-Charles Wilbur Folsom, a commercial traveller representing E. E. Ewing of Portsmouth, O., killed himself at his home on Linden avenue last night by firing a bullet into his breast, while laboring under severe mental strain produced by a severe attack of the grip. He lingered several hours after shooting himself, and pleaded earnestly with the doctor to save his life. Death resulted from internal hemography.

orrhage.

Folsom leaves an estimable wife and two beautiful children. He was only 30 years of age and a great favorite among business men. He was a relative of Mrs. Grover Cleveland. He expressed the deepest regret for his add and the hope that he might be saved hereafter.

Just before midnight Monday a neatly dressed old man applied at the office of the Mount Morris Hotel, 2,400 Third avenue, for a mount morris Hotel, 2.400 Third avenue, for a room. He was found dead in his room rester-day afternoon, with the gas turned full on. He had registered as J. E. Baidwin. His discharge papers show that he was a veteran of the Sixty-first Massachusetts, born in Sunderland, Mass. He was discharged on Jan. 28 last from the Soldiers' Home at Togus Springs. Me.

A lifth Avenue Window Affame. The son of Mr. S. S. Sands of 385 Fifth avenue got up at 11:45 o'clock last night and WOULDN'T BE ADJOURNED.

The Connecticut Democrats Organize a Ses-HARTPORD, Feb. 2.-The House of Represent-

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1892.

atives met at 1 o'clock to-day, according to the adjournment of last week. It was expected that after prayer by the chaplain and the roll call there would be another adjournment for a week. As was expected, the roll call disclosed the fact that no quorum was present, and Speaker

Paige declared: "The House stands adjourned till to-morrow at 1 P. M." The House does not stand adjourned and the members will keep their seats!" shouted Representative Walker, leader of the Democrats. He had more than eighty Democratic members behind him, who then proceeded to hold a session. Mr. Walker read a long typewritten argument, in which

he tried to show the unconstitutionality of the special House rule giving the Speaker power to adjourn the House. The argument had been prepared in anticipation of a week's adjournment, but the fact that the Speaker had declared an adjournment for only one day did not disarrange the programme. Speaker Paige and the Republicans had withdrawn, and in quick succession followed the election of a Speaker pro tem., Clerk pro

tem., and Sergeant-at-Arms and six deputies. Mr. Walker put the question in the case of Speaker, and Representative Callahan of New Haven was elected. Mr. Walker then, as Justice of the Peace, adminis-

Callahan of New Haven was elected. Mr. Walker then, as Justice of the Peace, administered the oath to him and prosented him with a cheap wooden gavel. In the other cases Mr. Callahan administered the oath.

The purpose in electing a Sergeant-at-Arms and deputies is to compel the attendance of the bolting Republicans. Speaking on this point Representive Walker said: "It is a well established point of constitutional law that where a constitution gives to a legislative body an express power to do a particular thing; it thereby gives that body implied power to use all necessary means for the accomplishment of the thing expressly authorized to be done. For this reason, the express power which the Constitution of Connecticut gives to a smaller number than a quorum of the House to compel the attendance of the absent members is accompanied by an implied power to use all necessary means for the accomplishment of that result. It is a well established point of parliamentary law that the employment of a Sergeant-at-Arms may be a necessary means to secure the attendance of absent members, and where, as in the Connecticut House of Representatives, there is not already a Sergeant-at-arms, if the House adopts the resolution which I have introduced for the election of a Sergeant-at-arms. If the House adopts the resolution which I have introduced for the election of a Sergeant-at-arms. I shall recommend the election to that office of none of the deputy Sheriffs of Hartford county, and when he is elected I shall recommend thin to appoint none but other deputy Sheriffs of Hartford county, and when he is elected I shall recommend thin to appoint none but other deputy Sheriffs of Hartford county, and when he is elected I shall recommend the election to that office of one of the deputy Sheriffs of Hartford county, and when he is elected I shall recommend the nection to that office of one of the deputy Sheriffs of Hartford county to be deputy Sergeant-at-arms. If the louse adopts the resolution which I have introduced for the election

publicans.
The Sergeant and his deputies were author-

The Sergeant and his deputies were authorized to compel the attendance of any member not absent by leave or sickness of himself or some member of his family. This session then adjourned until to-morrow at 2 o'clock. It is not believed that the Democrats will arrest the Republicans. They have been notified to pay no attention to the circular threatening them with loss of salary if they refuse to attend the sessions.

OVER 400 LIVES LOST.

San Francisco, Feb. 2.—A Chinese steamer, supposed to have been the Namchow, was lost ecently. There were over 400 Chinese on board, besides six Europeans. All hands per ished except 29 Chinamen. The steamer sank in sight of the China merchant steamer Meefee, the Captain of which reports; "On Jan. 8, at 7:50 A. M., I sighted a steamer

distant six miles. She was apparently at anchor and was flying signals of distress. On sighting her we set a course direct for her. At 8:10 A. M., to our utter astonishment, we could not see her, but saw something black on the starboard bow, which was taken to be the steamer going down. At all events we saw no more of her. I steered for that position as near as l dared, fearing that we might strike her masts or hull. I had the chief officer aloft, but neither

or hull. I had the chief officer aloft, but neither of us could see anything of the vessel in question, nor boats nor wreckage."

H. M. S. Porpoise having been despatched to search for the sunken vessel, the Admiral received the following telegram from Capt. Burr from Swatow, on the evening of the 11th:

"Steamer. name unknown, foundered off Cupihi. Four hundred Chinese were on board and about six Europeans. All were lost except twenty-nine Chinese, who saved themselves in the ship's boats. They are now coming on foot to Swatow."

The Namehow left Hong Kong on the 6th inst. for Amoy and has not arrived at her destination, being new reported missing.

The Weather.

The storm overspread the northern half of the coun try yesterday. The centre was over Lake Michigan is the morning, moving eastward, and last night it was over northern New York, attended by brisk winds from aixteen to twenty-four miles an hour. The rain area covered the Ohio Valley, the lower lake region, and the middle Atlantic and New England States, with snow in Montana, the Dakotas, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan, and last night the rain turned into show in the lake regions, northern New York, and New England. Dense fog prevailed over the middle Atlantic and New England coasts by day, with fresh to brisk north

east winds.

There was a general rise in temperature in the State sast of the Mississippi and south of the lakes. In the Northwest and the upper portion of Michigan it was colder. A moderate cold wave will probably set in over the lakes to-day, and it will be coller in this neighborhood to-night and on Thursday, with winds

changing to southwest and northwest.

It was cloudy and ramy in this city yesterday, with
light fog in the morning becoming dense in the
afternoon and disappearing at night. The rain measured 11 of an inch; hamidity averaged Sie per cent; wind generally northeast and fresh; highest official temperature, 42°; lowest, 37°. The thermometer at Perry's pharmacy in Tur Sun

The tuermometer at Ferry's plantacy in the regular building recorded the temperature yesterday as follows:

8 A. M. 1891, 1882, 1892, 1891, 1892, 1891, 1892, 1894 

local Foliatest fill S.F. R. WEDNISDAY.
For aoutheastern New York, including Long Island,
also for northern New Jersey, clearing in the morning. slightly warmer; winds changing to southwest and northwest, with fair, in the afternoon, and slightly colder weather at night. For western Connecticut, light rains in the morning.

E. B. Dens, Local Forecast Official. For Delaware and Maryland, cooler; westerly winds and generally fair weather Wednesday; fair Thursday For western New York and western Pennsylvani

followed by clearing; slightly warmer during the day

For New England, threatening weather, with rain or snow; brisk and high southeasterly while, shifting to westerly Wednesday night; colder and probably fair Thursday.

The enders New York enders Pennsylvania, and New Jee ers, wands shifting to westerly, with rivally weather and light rain or more, clearing by Westersday night, colder and fuir

Brewed from Malt and Mope Only. Hapfel Brew'g Co.'s Manhattan Beer, 229 E. 88th st. STOLEN FOR RANSOM.

Eight-year-old Ward Waterbury Kidnapped.

\$6,000 DEMANDED FOR HIM.

A Case Almost Entirely Like That of Charley Ross

The Father was to Meet the Kidnsppers at Midnight Last Night-He Said He Would Go Alone and Would Offer Them \$3,000, All He Could Raise at the Time, and Would Promise Them the Rest-Tracing Little Tracks Side by Side with Big Tracks in the Snow-A Mother's Perhaps Uniust Suspicions-The Tell-tale School Luncheon Left Untasted-A Search by Lantern Light that Led Across Mianus River-Charles E. Waterbury's Story.

Spreading over the border line between Fairfield county, Conn., and Westchester county. New York, is the little cluster of farm houses included in Long Ridge. Only the fact that it has a Post Office and a church distinguishes this "village" from the wild country dotted with farm houses surrounding it. It is fully ten miles back in the hills from Stamford and railroad station. The New Yorkers who in summer occupy the pretty villas around Stamford and Greenwich sometimes drive out as far as Long Ridge, but, except that the hills are higher, the woods more dense, and



the streams more turbulent than in the more thickly settled country below, there is nothing

man, who has acquired his money by steady. persistent toll. His family consists of his wife, a comely woman of 30; his mother-in-law, and two children. The elder of these is Ward, as ockers. All Long Ridge was proud of him. and his parents doted upon him. Three years ago, when he was five years old, his parents had his portrait taken. So many of the neigh-

cated. It is still a good likeness of the boy. Ward is now 8 years old. His light hair ends in a curl at the forehead such as Roscoe Conkling had: his brown eves were clear and frank, and there isn't even a freckle on his

clean-cut features. His parents are much better educated than many farming people. They started him in his studies at a tender age, and he has attended the little school taught by Miss Stead for some time. His four-year-old brother, very much like him in looks and disposition, is still

tied to his mother's apron strings.
On Monday morning little Ward started to school at the usual hour. He wore a pair of light cordurey knickerbockers, black stockings, tall rubber boots, a navy blue prajacket, and a brown cap. He also carried in his hand a luncheon that had been prepared by his mother. The schoolhouse is about a quarter of a mile along the straight road leading past the Waterbury house. Several of the neighbors who live between his house and the schoolhouse saw him go past, swinging his lunch eon, and with his cheeks aglow with exercise one of these asked him about his mother, who had been 1lt, and he replied that she was feeling better. The last seen of him was when he approached the little church which the family attends, and which he had to pass in order to reach the schoolhouse. DISAPPEARS MYSTERIOUSLY. Miss Stead was surprised when Ward failed

to appear that morning, bht she remembered that his mother had been ill, and supposed that he had been kept at home on that account.

Mrs. Waterbury, her mother, and the baby were alone in the house nearly all that day. Mr. Waterbury had eaten his breakfast about 5 o'clock, and had started away with the hired man to take a load of hay to Stamford. Ward had invariably returned from school at 3% o'clock in the afternoon. He was a good boy. and knowing that there were some chores to be done, he was always prompt. But he did not return this time. When 4 o'clock came Mrs. Waterbury became nervous. She feared he might have gone on the ice, either on some of the near-by ponds or the Mianus River. She knew that the ice was in a treacherous condition, and she spoke of it to her mother. The latter wondered, too, at the boy's prolonged absence, but said nothing for fear of alarming her daughter unnecessarily. Half an hour passed and still the boy did not come. Threatening clouds covered the sky and it began to grow dark.

If that boy does not come home soon he will get wet, for it is going to rain," said Mrs. Waterbury, assuming a lighter tone. She went into the parlor and stood at the front winlow, looking up and down the muddy road, in hope of seeing Ward. She went out into the front yard, too, but could see nothing of him. At twenty minutes of 5 Mr. Waterbury and the hired man returned. They were hungry, having had nothing to eat since that 5 o'clock breakfast. He called to his wife to hurry up the supper, but she ran out to him breathless, and, not heeding his demand, told him about

"I'm sure something has happened to him. she crisd; "he never remained away so long before. Hurry, Charley, and see where he is." In spite of his fatigue and hunger, Mr. Water-bury needed no urging, for he, too, was thor-oughly alarmed. Telling his wife not to worry.

and that he would surely bring the boy home in a short time, he turned and drove down to the farmhouse where Miss Stead boarded.

A FRUITLESS SEARCH BEGUN.

Miss Stead was at home, and was of course surprised at the nature of Mr. Waterbury's visit. She thought that possibly Ward might have played truant. In that case she thought it probable that he had gone to play with some of his schoolmates. Neither she nor Mr. Waterbury had much faith in this theory, but there was no other one, and so he decided to try it. He visited every farm house and saw every child that attended the school. Ward had not been seen by any. Immediately afterward he went down the road toward the schoolhouse, following in the boy's steps as far as he had been seen that morning. When he reached the church, something prompted him to investigate there. He peered in through the windows, but it was empty. Then he went around to the sheds adjoining the church, where the people tie their horses during the services, and saarched them thoroughly. Lying on the ground, in a corner under a manger, was the boy's luncheon. A FRUITLESS SEARCH BEGUN.



MRS. WATERBURT.

The entrance to the sheds is out of sight from the main road, and its interior is not visible from the schoolhouse. Neither can it be seen from nny of the seven houses which stand on both sides of the road between the schoolhouse and Mr. Waterbury's house. When Mr. Waterbury found the luncheon his fears were greatly increased. He did not know what to make of it, but he knew that Ward, who had a sturdy appetite, would not relinquish the luncheon for nothing. One of the farmers who accompanied him suggested that Ward might have gone into the woods expecting to return soon, and had left his luncheon in the shed. He also suggested that the woods be searched at once.

He also suggested that the woods be searched at once.

Mr. Waterbury felt dazed. He said he must go back to the house, He asked the neighbors to organize a search party and call for him when ready. When Mrs. Waterbury saw her husband return alone and noticed his pale face and halting manner she thought the boy had been found dead. She was too much moved to speak, but when her husband said huskily that nothing had been seen of Ward she felt relieved and began to hope that he had only wandered away and would return. She and her husband sat down in the sitting room in silence. He answered the questions of the boy's grandmother, who was almost frantic, in monosyllables, and kept his eyes fixed on the floor. He remained there until his neighbors arrived. No one thought of supper. There were at least twenty-live farmers in the search party. The wives of many of them had come over to comfort the mother and grandmother, and to stay with them while the men were away.

A SECOND SEARCH BEGUM.

It was nearly 7 o'clock when the men left the house. It was extremely dark outside, and the lanterns carried by them threw a light only a short distance archind. Some of the men were armed, they hardly knew why. Somehow many felt that the boy had not disappeared voluntarily, and they speculated in low tones as they walked down the road to the slieds as to the motive that could inspire anybody to remove the boy. Perhaps this idea would not have occurred to them had mysteriously disappeared from Hartford a short time before. The missing man's friend had disappeared shortly afterward, and the farmers had come to the conclusion that he had dealt foully by the nephew of the relighbor. Those who did not believe that Ward had been kidaspped refused to be convinced by what they declared were idle suspicions. What they sked, could induce anybody to take the bright, innecent little fellow, whom every one loved? These discussions were carried on out of the hearing of Mr. Waterbury, who, forgetful of fatigue and hunger, pressed on eacerly after

TRACES OF A BOY DISCOVERED. Under the bushes, through the woods, and in sheltered places along the meadows the snow still lingers. Not far from the sheds the first patch was seen. There was a shout when one of the search party threw the light of his lantern upon this, revealing the footprints of a boy. Immediately Mr. Waterbury was upon his keees and examining them closely. They were undoubtedly those of Ward, he cried, but added, in a hoarse voice:

"Boys, there was a man along with him."

LARGE FOOTPRINTS BESIDE THE SMALL ONES.

All stooped down, and, surely enough, there were the marks of a big-footed man's boots. After examining these carefully the search party continued toward the river. They found more tracks wherever there was snow. Apparently the person with the boy had sought cover as soon as possible. By careful work the trail was traced through the bushes and roads until the river was reached. In some places only the footprints of the man could be seen, and the searchers concluded that the boy, having become tired, the man had carried him until he was sufficiently rested to walk again. This was apparently proved by the fact that the boy's footprints were encountered further on. Just before the searchers reached the river the snow gave out and no footprints were visible. It took long and careful searching to find them again and this brought the party to the water. The Mianus is unusually shallow at some points and, although the water looked treacherous in the uncertain glare of the lanterns, several of the party volunteered to ford it and see if they could take up the trail on the other side. They got over safe, although they slipped dangerously on the smooth stones at the bottom and the water felt ley cold. LARGE POOTPRINTS BESIDE THE SMALL ONES.

THE TRAIL SUDDENLY BROKEN.

There is a large tract of open country on the further side of the Mianus. Here the snow had melted, and none remained to betray the footsteps of the man and boy. The amateur detoctives hunted far and near, going over every inch of ground in search of a clux. Finally they found a patch of snow on the bank where the two had been. Careful examination convinced all that the man, having carried the boy on his back across the river, had here turned and dropped him on his feet. There were the tell-tale marks, but beyond the little snow pile nothing remained to show where the two had tred. After another fruitless and painstaking search the party had to abandon further efforts and return home dejected and full of fears.

CONVINCED THAT THE BOY HAD BEEN STOLEN. THE TRAIL SUDDENLY BROKEN.

convinced that the Boy had been stolen.

Every one was convinced now that Ward had been kidnapped. From the fact that apparently he went along willingly, and that his captor was acquainted with the woods and country, it was also likely that the latter was a person acquainted with the family. Again the motive was discussed without any reasonable conclusion being arrived at. Mr. Waterbury was too much grieved to talk, and the others could not imagine an enemy of his or his family. The party had almost reached the village when it occurred to some one to sheak of a man named Hitchcock, who had once been in Mr. Waterbury's employ. Hitchcock stole a horse of Mr. Waterbury's seven years ago. He had been convicted and sent to Sing bing for three years and a half. He had threatened publicly to be revenged upon Mr. Waterbury's neighbors were convinced, as soon as Hitchcock's name was montioned that he was the kilmapper, but others rejoined by saying that Ward had known of Hitchcock's crime and could not have been lured away by him. It was twenty minutes of 11 o'clock, an unheard of hour for Long Ridge people to be abroad, when the party returned. The women folks had already gone to their various homes, and the men followed them. CONVINCED THAT THE BOY HAD BEEN STOLEN. NEPHEW CHARLES, E. WATERBURY.

NEPHEW CHARLES, E. WATERBURY.

Mr. Waterbury hesitated about entering the house, not caring to face his wife with the unipleasant news that he had to tell. As he opened the door finally he started back, for there, seated in the sitting room, was his nephew. Charles E. Waterbury, whom he had not seen for some time. There was a peculiar look on Waterbury's face, and he peculiar look on Waterbury's face, and he stranger hoticed that his wife and mothers in law were looking at the woung man rather strangery. The nephew greeted his uncle in a commonplace menner, even under such peculiar circumstances, and then nothing was said for several minutes. Finally Mr. Waterbury turned to his wife and said:

"Ward was taken away by some man. We

followed him as far as the Middle Patent side of the Mianus, and there we lost track of

PRICE TWO CENTS.

them."

"yes," said his wife, so calmly that he was
startled, "but your nephew saw him later on."

Mr. Waterbury stared at his nephew in

Mr. Waterbury stared at his hepon amazement.

"Yes," said the latter, rather sheepishly. "I came ever here to tell you about it. I was just telling aunt here how I met Ward with three men. I wasn't sure it was him at first, but after I read the letter I knew it must have been him."

He paused here and Mr. Waterbury turned to his wife for further explanation. This is the story she told:

THE NEPHEW'S STRANGE TALK

the story she told:

THE NEFFHEW'S STRANGE TALE.

It was a short time after Mr. Waterbury and the other farmers had gone away that the nephew had come in. The latter lives six and a half miles west of Long Ridge at a place called West Stanwich. When he works at all he is engaged at charcoal burning, as are the few other residents of the little settlement. He has not been on very good terms with his uncle's family for some time, although there was never any direct quarrel between them. Mrs. Waterbury was surprised to see him. "What brings you here?" she asked. "Have you heard about Ward?"

Tes, he replied, "and that's what brought me over here. I came straight over to deliver this letter," handing her a note rather dirty from handling.

Mrs. Waterbury took the paper to the lamp and sat down to read it. This is what it said:

"Mr. C. I. Waterbury. Meet us with \$6,000 at Jim Miller's bridge, bedford, you can have your son tuesday night at twelve o'clock come alone and avoid bloodshed for we will kill the boy before we give him up without the money "River Boys."

"earth is our stopping place hell is our home."

Mrs. Waterbury's brain reeled as she read.

"earth is our stopping place hell is our home."

Mrs. Waterbury's brain recled as she read this. It did not strike her that there was something ridiculous about the wording of the note; she only know that it threatened her boy with death. As soon as she could recover herself she questioned her nephew. With a woman's natural instinctshe distrusted the youth who had suddenly taken such an interest in the affairs of her family. He told her that he had been out fox hunting during the day with a neighbor named McCann. About dusk they were coming out of the woods near East Middle Patent, when they noticed two menone of whom had a boy on his back. He said that he thought that he recognized this boy as Ward, but it was dark and he wasn's sure. He didn't think at the time that Ward could have been so far away from home, and had therefore concluded that he



WARD WATERBURY.

was mistaken. While he was looking at the man a third man, who was sitting in a phaeton just outside the woods, called to him. He went over and the man throw out to him the letter had shown, at the same time saying: 'Send that at once.' He started to go pearer to the phaeton, when the man reached down, as if to pick up a gun, and said, warningly: "Stand back; keep away." Immediately afterward the other two men came up and got into the phaeton, and all drove away very rapidly. He tried to read the note, but it was too dark, and he went home, where he lit the lamp and examined it carefully. As soon as he had observed the contents he had rushed over to tell his uncle about it. Mrs. Waterbury's suspleiona were not lessened by this yarn, and she still felt that the threatened evils to her son were by no means phantoms. She asked him what he thought she had botter do.

"If I were Uncle Charley," he replied, "I'd go over there and meet them fellows, or else they might do something to Ward. I'd pay them in big bills, and it he marks the bills draw and gets detectives, why, they can follow them up and arrest the fellows. If he was to get detectives now them fellows might hear of it and kill the boy."

He repeated this same advice to his unclea and after talking the matter over for a short time he went away.

time he went away.

and after talking the matter over for a short time he west away.

THE AUTHORITIES NOTIFIED.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Waterbury had much sleep that night. They said very little about their nephew, but both admitted yesterday that his story seemed very strange to them. Early in the morning Mr. Waterbury's neighbors came to the house to talk over the matter with him again. When they heard of the letter and of what young Waterbury had said they shook their heads and looked as though they felt like taking him in hand. Several of them went so far as to say that he was undoubtedly the person to look after. Mr. Frank L. Brinckerhoff and Mr. Robert S. Ayers volunteered to go to Greenwich and report the case to the constable there. As no crime has ever happened in Long Ridge before that required the interference of an officer the farmers have never considered it worth while to elect a constable of their own. Mr. Waterbury thought he would go to New York and see some detectives there, and another neighbor volunteered to accompany him. Several others started off to While Plains to notify the authorities there.

Mr. John Dayton, the constable at Greenwich, was seated at his desk in his sloe store when Brinckerhoff and Ayres came to him. They told him the story practically as it has been outlined here. Mr. Brinckerhoff saidthat he believed there was more than one person engaged in the kidnapping, and some of the farmers said that possibly Hitchcock might have been one of the persons concerned. He had understood that Hitchcock worked at the screw factory of Joseph Marshall in Greenwich. Mr. Dayton thought that possibly Mr. Waterbury's brother, who is a the head of the firm of Waterbury & June, lumber and coal dealers in Greenwich, might have heard of the boy and he telephoned to him. Mr. Waterbury had not heard of his nephow's disappearance. Charles P. Waterbury has another relative in Greenwich who is a well-known citizen. This is Mr. Frederick Hubbard, one of the leading law-yers. He had not heard of the case either. THE AUTHORITIES NOTIFIED.

yers. He had not heard of the case either.
Young waterbury trells a somewhat difference for story.

Shortly after the appearance of Mr. Brinckerhoff and Mr. Ayres Charles E. Waterbury called on Mr. Dayton. He repeated the story that he had teld to his aunt and uncle, but with variations. This time he said that he had been out hunting with McCann and had seen the two men, one of whom had the boyon his back. There was no third man in this version. The man with the boy kept at some distance from him, but his companion walked toward him, and when about eight feet away threw the letter to him, saving: "Take that and send it." Immediately thereafter he plunged back into the woods and disappeared with his companion.

Later, as Waterbury was coming out of the woods he saw the two men and boy in a phase woods he saw the two men and hay on a phas-ton. They drove toward the south Water-bury said also that after leaving home he called at a neighbor's to show him the note. He did not mention the name of the neighbor.

The Sun reporter met the father of Ward on the road to his home realerday afternoon. Mr. Waterbury was just returning from New York and was wern out. He had just eaten the first meal since that which he took at 5 o'clock on Monday morning, when he had started to Stamford. He had left home yesterday morning without breakfast. He did not want to say anything directly against his nephew, but he realied the fact that last summer the nephew had wanted to buy a wanted to buy a wanted to hay a wagon of him. He was not he work prepared to provide the properties of the fact that had he had been a summer the nephew had wanted to huy a wagon of him. He was not he work prepared to have here there is a him. This had nade him year aggrey. Mrs. Waterbury was aloned horself of the start had an accordant to keep up a braye appearance when her husband and the reporter came in. She repeated the story to the reporter, and added that the boy could easily be distinguished by the fact that he had two crowns both very plain, and also a birth mark on his left knes. She said that in describing